THE TRIALS OF THE TOILERS

A Mechanic's Testimony as to the Work and Wages of Glasgow Workmen.

Evidences of Scotch Mechanical Skill and the Basis Upon Which It Is Rewarded-The Careful Observation of a Banker.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. GLASGOW, Aug. 10 .- "Our workingmen are wrought like slaves and treated like dogs," was the exact language in which a Buchannan-street banker expressed the condition of wage-workers of Glasgow in the course of a conversation with me only a day or two since. Subsequent investigation proved the assertion not be without foundation. The gentleman in question is identified with the Glasgow Home Mission work, and his statement was based upon his observations of the working classes as he has been made familiar with their condition through his efforts to provoke their interest in a religion calculated to lighten the burdens which fall to their lot in life. True, however, to the British instinct conceived in self-interest, this gentleman fervently expressed the hope that freetrade relations with the United States might become an accomplished fact. His hope was also laid in orthodoxy from a British point of view. He said, as every American should know full as well as every Britisher, that they would then have a famous market for their manufactured products, and their flagging interests in various lines would have a needed outlet that would provoke a new era of prosperity. He accused the protectionists of the United States of selfishness in erecting barriers against the goods the British stand ready to export, but he declined to see the analogy of his position in seeking to deprive American producers and American laborers of the American market that the British manufacturer and operatives in the British factories might be benefited.

Glasgow with its suburbs has a population of about 800,000. Possibly one-half and certainly one-third of that number are directly or indirectly dependent upon the ship-building industry of the Clyde, while fully another third are maintained by other phases of the iron trade than those which contribute to shipbuilding and the sister industry of marine engineering.

The conditions which have contributed most interest to the fore are found in the proximity of coal and iron, and the inherent mechanical skill of the Glasgovians.

The foundation for the fame of Glasgow and the Clyde as the ship-building center of the world must be credited to Henry Bell, who set the Comet affoat on the Clyde in 1812. But before entering into a discussion of the facts pertaining to the industrial conditions of the men employed in the ship-building and other related industries it will be interesting to note a few facts connected with the growth and present proportions of such a mammoth business as it

The Comet, which plied between Glasgow and Helensburg, was forty feet in length and was propelled at the rase of five miles per hour by an engine of three-horse power. This was indeed a small beginning, both in the size of the craft and the speed attained, but to the designer of the Comet belongs the honor of first successfully applying steam as a vessel-motor. The next step was the adaptation of steam to deepsea traffic, and at this point the development of marine engineering began to be steadily in the line of increased speed until the period was reached that furnished the Cunarder Britannia, which made the trial trip from Liverpool to Boston in fourteen days and ten hours, thus affording a facility for bridging the ocean that was at the time regarded as remarkable. Since then the era of larger and faster steamers has arrived, and such vessels as the Arizona, the Alaska and the ill-starred Oregon have shown what superior mechanical skill may render possible, by making the run across the Atlantic in less than half the time consumed by the Britannia. The end is not yet, for the City of New York, of the Inman line, which was launched from Clydebank yards -and concluded her trial trip to New York but a few days ago-together with her sister steamer, the City of Paris, now on the stocks in course of construction, have been entered in still a more rapid class than any of their predecessors. But still more ambitious are the manager of the Guion line, for whom the Fairfield company-formerly John Elder & Co. -are to build a vessel that shall break all previous records. The keel has been laid, and the dimensions of the vessel, when completed, will be 560 feet in length-fourteen times the length of the Comet-sixty-three feet in the breadth of deck and fifty-two feet deep. The tonnage of this monster steamer will be 11,500 tons-1,-000 more than the City of New York. She will have twin screws, operated by engines of 16,000 horse-power. She will be made to accommodate 2,000 passengers, and must be built to make the passage from Queenstown to New York in five days. The model of this promised marvel of speed is to be seen in the Glasgow exhibition, and in the faultlessness of the lines which make for her success, in the matter of speed, she is certainly destined to meet the expectations of her builders. The proportions of the mammoth triple-expansion cylinders, which will constitute an essential feature of her engines, contrasted with the toy cylinder of the ancient Comet, as I saw it among the relics in the

The facts already cited, coupled with what is seen by a visitor to the department of machinery at the exhibition, or to any of the other departments in which evidences of mechanical skill are displayed in an infinite variety, provoks but one conclusion. The Glasgow mechanics have no superiors in the world in the ingenuity and excellence of their work. The question is accordingly pertinent: "Do

Bishop's palace collection at the exhibition, im-

pressed me in the fullest degree with the won-

derful strides which have been accomplished in

marine engine-building in Glasgow within the

memory of men still living.

they receive a return for their work commensurate with their genius and industry?" Before presenting a detailed reply to the question as relates to ship builders proper. I desire to divert for a moment to the fact which no one disputes, namely, that the cheapness of iron, or more properly steel-the chief material used in ship construction—has rendered possible the marvelous growth of the business on the Clyde, and in this connection it is proper to invite attention to the further fact that the cheapness of the iron or steel is due to the starvation wages paid to those engaged in the various stages of

By a trip through one of the largest iron and steel mills of Glasgow, which employs 2,000 hands, and omitting from the table the heads of the various departments who receive considerable above the average wage, I found the following scale of wages to prevail: Machinists engaged in work requiring the highest grade of mechanteal skill, \$7.20 to \$9.60 per week, ven hours for a day; other than the boss in the hearing department. 84.32 per week; other than the boss in the rolling department, the same wage; hammer men, excepting the boss, \$4.80 per week; rivet-makers, \$4.32 per week, which is about the average wages paid to laborers about the

Coming now to the wages paid the men in various branches of the work at the ship-yards, the following obtained from a gentleman thoroughly familiar with every department of one of the largest yards on the Clyde may be accepted as reliable and fairly representative of the wages in the several lines of industry indicated: Carpenters, \$6.24 to \$7.20 per week; caulkers, \$6.24 to \$6.72; joiners, \$7.20 to \$3.64; blacksmiths about \$6.72 and machinists from \$6.24 to \$6.72. The figures quoted cover the wages of fully 75 per cent of the men employed in the complete construction of a ship, besides which, of course, there are foremen and superintendents who get somewhat higher wages by

reason of their advanced positions. Nor is it merely in the iron mills and shipyards that low wages prevail, but the building trades, which are in a measure dependent for their employment upon these principal industries, are likewise underpaid to a distressing degree, as I learned from men I interviewed at their work. The laborer who digs for the foundation of a building receives the equivalent of 80 cants per day for ten hours' work. The mason works nine hours and receives from \$1.08 to \$1.36 per day, and his helper earns abut 80 cents, while the house-joiner earns from \$1.26 to \$1.44 per day. Bad weather and slackness of work leave the mason dependent upon the proceeds of eight months in the year, while the joiner must bridge over at least two months of idleness.

The wages are miserably low, but a statement of wages and nothing more would leave the story but half told, and those who entertain an optimistic view of the foreign labor situation would hasten to interject the observation that while the wages are small, the cost of living is proportionately low. Should that be true the American mechanic would have no ground on which to build his boast that he is better off than are his fellow-toilers on this side of the

"Our prayer is for free trade with the United States." was the frank admission, freely made to me, by a Coatbridge iron manufacturer but a

few days since. The reason was that, with the cheaper labor of his mills, he could send his product into the American market, and, should his prayer be granted, the employes of American mills would be compelled to submit to a reduction of their wages to a level with the wages now prevailing here. The change of economic policy that would invite the competition of the American laborer with that of Britain lends interest to the question: "Will the wages of the mechanic in Scotland, where free trade prevails in the commodities he consumes, buy as many comforts as are enjoyed by the American me-

The wages received and the cost of the necessities of life furnish the basis upon which the reader may build his own conclusion. The wages of the Glasgow mechanic, as already cited, exhibits his comfort-purchasing resources, cited, exhibits his comfort-purchasing resources, and the following are some of the prices he must pay: Bread 4 to 6c per loaf; potatoes. 12 to 16c per stone of fourteen pounds; flour, 16 to 20c per stone; eggs, 12 to 20c per dozen; cheese, 9 to 16c per pound; sausage, 13c; bacon, 13 to 15c; butter, 16 to 24c; beef, roast, 20 to 22c per pound; boiling piece, 8 to 14c; ateak, 16 to 20c; best steak, 32c; mutton, 10 to 20c, according to the cut; chops, 20 to 24c; coffee, 24 to 36c; tea, 28 to 48c; and sugar, the cheapest article in the list, 3 48c; and sugar, the cheapest article in the list, 3

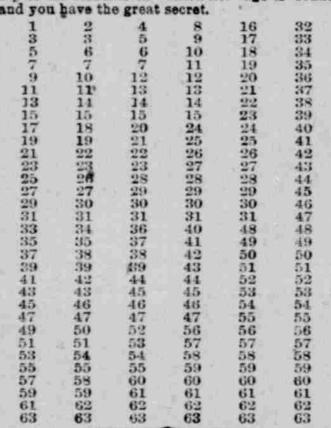
The average mechanic is rarely able to afford for living apartments more than two rooms-"a room and a kitchen"-and in these the family, however numerous, must eat, sleep, and exercise all the phases of existence from the cradle to the grave, in sickness as well as in health. One room is devoted to the preparation of the meals, while the other must serve as dining-room, bedroom, sitting-room and parlor. The tenants feel their cramped condition, but slender finances will warrant nothmore extensive in its accommodations. There are thousands less fortunate who have but a single room, while it is a rare exception that a mechanic attains to the dignity of "two rooms and a kitchen." The "room and a kitchen" rental in a respectable quarter of the city is from \$40 to \$50 per year. and the additional room adds about \$10 to the yearly expense. The mechanic who can make ends meet and have an after-work suit-coat and vestlof Bannockburn tweed with cloth trousers. the whole costing from \$12 to \$13-is among the fortunate and is counted thrifty, while the wife of a mechanic who has a cloth dress in which she would let her neighbors see her go to the "kirk" on Sunday is the exception rather than

I have refrained from exaggerated pictures of the conditions as I have found them; nor have I painted the worst, which might be regarded as exceptional. The conditions as they average are open for contrast with the environments of the American mechanic, and in that connection the opinion of an intelligent Glasgow mechanic, one of the few exceptionally well-to-do, may not be improperly presented here. Speaking of the condition of the majority of his fellowsthe men with whom American free traders would invite competition-he said:

"They simply exist. It is a struggle from beginning to end. The Glasgow mechanic is unable to obtain the legitimate fruits of his labor. and, however provident he may be, he will not have enough to maintain his family respectably. He has no chance of improving his condition, and he cannot expect to rise above the common level. He becomes disheartened, and it should not be surprising if he seeks forgetfulness or visions of plenty in the 'flowing bowl.' The Scotchman has but one chance where the American has ten for improving his condition." W. I. DAVENNY.

HOW TO TELL ONE'S AGE. A Little Table by Which You Can Get at Woman's Great Secret.

Philadelphia North American. Just hand this table to a lady and request her to tell you in which column or columns her age is contained, and add together the figures at the top of the columns in which her age is found and you have the great secret.



The Negro's Love for Display. Charles Dudley Warner, in Harper's Magazine. There are cynics who think it strange that men are willing to dress up in fantastic uniform and regalia and march about in sun and rain to make a holiday for their countrymen, but the cynics are ungrateful and fail to credit human nature with its trait of self-sacrifice, and they do not at all comprehend our civilization. It was doubted at one time whether the freedman and the colored man generally in the Republic was capable of the higher civilization. This doubt has all been removed. No other race takes more kindly to martial and civic display than it. No one has a greater passion for societies, and uniforms, and regaliss, and banners, and the pomp of marchings, and processions, and peaceful war. The negro naturally inclines to the picturesque, to the flamboyant, to vidid colors and the trappings of office that give a man distinction. He delights in the drum and the trumpet, and so willing is he to add to what is spectacular and pleasing in life that he would seend half his time in parading. His capacity for a holiday is practically unlimited. He has not yet the means to indulge his taste, and perhaps his taste is not yet equal to his means, but there is no question of his adaptability to the sort of display which is so pleasing to the greater part of the human race, and which contributes so much to the brightness and cheerfulness of this world. We cannot all have decorations, and cannot all wear uniforms. or even regalia, and some of us have little time for going about in military or civic processions, but we all like to have our streets put on a holiday appearance; and we cannot express in words our gratitude to those who so cheerfully spend their time and money in glittering apparel and

in parades for our entertainment.

Called to Follow Art. Robert Louis Stevenson, in September Scribner. If a man love the labor of any trade, apart from any question of success or fame, the gods have called him. He may have the general vocation to; he may have a taste for all the arts, and I think he often has; but the mark of his calling is this laborious partiality for one, this inextinguishable zest in its technical successes, and-perhaps above all-a certain candor of mind, to take his very trifling enterprise with a gravity that would befit the cares of empire, and to think the smallest improvement worth accomplishing at any expense of time and industry. The book, the statue, the sonata, must be gone upon with the unreasoning good faith and the unflagging spirit of children at their play. Is it worth doing!-when it shall have occurred to any artist to ask himself that question, it is implicitly answered in the negative. It does not occur to the child as he plays at being a pirate on the dining-room sofa, nor to the hunter as he pursues his quarry; and the candor of the one and the ardor of the other should be united in the bosom of the artist.

If you recognize in yourself some such decisive taste, there is no room for hesitation; follow your bent. And observe (lest I should too much discourage you) that the disposition does not usually burn so brightly at the first or rather not so constantly. Habit and practice sharpen gifts; the necessity of toil grows less disgusting, grows even welcome, in the course of years; a small taste (if it be only genuine) waxes with indulgence into an exclusive passion.

Fraud Detected by Photography. Popular Science News. By the aid of photography a Berlin merchant was lately convicted of crooked ways in keeping his accounts The elightest differences in color and shade of inks are made manifest in the photographic copy. Blue inks appear nearly white; brown inks, on the contrary, almost black. The books of the accused were submitted to a photographer, who took off the pages concerned, and brought into court the most undoubted ocular proofs of the illegitimate afterentry of some of the accounts. A subsequent chemical test substantiated this evidence. The photographic is to be preferred to the chemical test, because it brings its proofs into court and submits them to inspection, at the same time leaving the document under examination unbarmed; while the results of a chemical test must be taken on the evidence of the chemist alone, and the writing examined is perhaps destroyed. In another case similar to the above the changing of the date of a note by an insignificant erasure and addition was proved by means of photography.

For bilious and miasmatic diseases Ayer's Ague Cure is a safe and radical cure.

IN THE HOUSE OF COMMONS.

Graphic Description of an Afternoon's Debate -An Indianapolis Tourist's Impressions.

Correspondence of the Indianapolis Journal. London, Aug. 12 .- Like all good Americans, we felt that a peep at England would be a failure if we did not see the House of Commons in session with its most eminent members present. A leisurely survey of Hawarden Church and Hawarden Castle, and a delightful walk of two miles through Hawarden park, had only strengthened our desire to see the "Old Man Eloquent," while reports from travelers of the difficulty of gaining admission to the Commons, the uncertainty of seeing and hearing Mr. Gladstone even if we were admitted, and the impending adjournment of the houses for the holidays, fully prepared us for disappointment.' But the Providence that watches over Americans was kind to us, and introduction to a genial M. P. procured us an invitation to the session of Wednesday, Aug. 1, and our wildest hopes were more than realized. Behold us, then, standing in the central ball

of Parliament buildings, waiting for the appearance of our friend to whom I had sent in our card. There is much red cape to be unwound, and we patiently watch the process. Mr. McL. soon appears to greet us, bids me part from X, "to see her no more," as he reassuringly adds, and ushers me past the stern-visaged police into a narrow passage, where he leaves me to my fate and hastens back to escort X to the ladie s gallery. A few steps forward, a turn, a step through an open door, and I found myself, as it seemed, in the very midst of several hundred English gentlemen, all wearing silk hats, sitting on leather cushioned benches, and distening very quietly to a tall, dark complexioned gentleman whom I soon discovered to be Mr. Sexton, one of the Irish members. I saw at once that I was in the lower or "special" gallery, (reserved, I flattered myself, for distinguished persons) and that I could touch with my hand the nearest members of the House. Mr. McL. soon took the seat in front of me and in a few words gave me what explanation I needed for a full understanding of the scene, into which I entered with absorbing interest. The subject was the Parnell commission bill. The House was sitting in committee. Mr. Gladstone and Mr. Parnell were not in their seats, but were momentarily expected. All the other members of prominence were before me; my position enabled me to see and hear every person in the House with perfect distinctness, and the anticipation of fears was at last fully

Your readers are all aware of the general character of the question at issue. Mr. Parnell not desiring to enter suit against the Times, and yet demanding some means of clearing himself from the charges of the Times, had been offered by the government, and had accepted, a special commission of three judges to investigate them. But the bill had not gone far on its journey through the House when Mr. Parnell, Mr. Gladstone and their followers discovered serious objections to it, and made grave charges of breach of faith, etc., in that the government had offered one thing, and when Mr. Parnell accepted had brought forward another and very different measure. The discussion on this bill has consumed the time of the House for many weeks, and embittered still more, if that were possible,

the hostile factions. At 3 o'clock in the morning of the same day the House had adjourned, after deciding, at the end of a long and acrimonious debate, that the investigation by the commission should cover not only Mr. Parnell and his associates against whom the Times had preferred charges, but also "other persons." When I entered the House an amendment proposing to limit the inquiry by adding the clause "so far as they may have been in complicity with members" was under discussion. The government contended, throughout the afternoon, that the country wanted the whole truth, not only about the members accused, but also about the whole career of the Land League, so far as it could be shown to have employed criminal methods. The opposition contended, with great force, that this was not the proposal that Mr. Parnell had accepted; that the present claim of the government would involve a minute inquiry into all the details of outrages and crimes in Ireland for the past eight years, for the sole purpose of manufacturing political ammunition for the next campaign, a course both unfair and indecent. All the speeches during the five hours of the sitting merely rang the changes on these themes; but, to one who looked upon the house for the first time, the interest of the debate lay not so much in the principles involved, as in the extraordinary heat and personality of the contest, which in the course of the afternoon involved every prominent man on both sides, except Mr. Parnell, who did not appear in his seat that day, but whom we heard on the following evening. The principal speakers for the government were Mr. Matthews, the Home Secretary; Mr. A. J. Balfour, the Chief Secretary for Ireland, and Mr. Goschen, the Chancellor of the Exchequer. From the opposition benches we heard Mr. Sexton, Mr. T. P. O'Connor, Mr. T. Healy, Mr. J. Redmond (all Irish members) Mr. Gladstone,

Sir William Harcourt, Sir L. Playfair, Mr. Charles Bradlaugh, Mr. John Morley and Mr. Chamberlain. Others spoke on both sides, but the interest centered in these. Mr. L told us after the debate that it was seldom that so many prominent men were heard at one sitting, and that if he could have chosen at will from all the sessions of the year, he could not have made a better choice for us. Mr. Matthews spoke well and with great earnestness. He was in a trying position, for the statement of the case made by him at the opening of the debate was seized upon by the opposition and made the basis of their reiterated attacks during the afternoon. While the Home Secretary did not speak often, he acquitted himself well. Mr. A. J. Balfour is a young man,

slender, student like, with a soft voice and persuasive manner. He speaks readily and fluently, and is evidently a good debater, never at a loss, and knowing well how to put the best foot foremost. He extorted some half-ironical compliments even from the opposition. Mr. Goschen is a rather heavily built man, with iron-gray hair and whiskers, a good speaker, though worsted on this occasion by his active enemies. He atts directly across from his old-time ally. Mr. Gladstone, who is now his strengous political enemy. These three gentlemen, although good debaters, were no match for the opposition, who rained down charges and taunts upon them for five long hours, and kept them constantly on the defensive, to explain, harmonize and justify their measures. I do not now speak of the merits of the general cause. which everyone has formed an opinion of long ago, but of the session in question, considered merely as a debating exercise. The opposition had not only that advantage of popular sympathy which usually goes with the weaker cause, but also a superiority in the number of effective speakers, and in their greater vivacity, wit and keenness. It was evident at the outset that the feeling between the two sides amounted almost to hatred. The government alluded to the "members below the gang-way" (the Irish members) in terms of scorn, as if contact with them would imply contamination. The Irish members expressed in reply a natural vindictiveness, distrust and hatred. Thrust and retort followed hard upon each other; charges of treachery, falsehood and criminality were often uttered. There were times when the speakers could not be heard amid the cries of "Hear! Hear!" that rose like a tempest on either side; yet the control of the Vice speaker, Mr. Courtney, was perfect; when he arose every member

dietum was accepted unquestioningly by both The Irish members spoke well, fluently and pointedly. Their great fault was repetition. In both sessions that I attended any one of their speeches might have stood for all. I do not suppose that this fault was inherent in the speakers. but rather that it was part of their policy, their two purposes being to harass the government and delay action as long as possible, and to lay their cases fully before the country. Mr. T. Healy spoke at great length and repeatedly, consuming a very large part of the time of the House. His style was keen, sarcastic and well adapted to worry an enemy. Mr. Sexton also spoke very effectively. He was especially happy in his treatment of the Times newspaper and its editors. By the way, the prominence given to the Times throughout the debate surprised me greatly. One would be led to think that the Times was printed and published by the House, so often was it and its editor, Mr. Walter, dragged into the debate. The Attorney-general came in for a full share of opposition invective, because he had acted as counsel for the Times,

was seated and quiet instantly; and his simple

and he was goaded into reply more than once. Mr. Morley, Sir W. Harcourt and Mr. Gladstone naturally attiracted most attention. Mr. Morely has a pleasing style, and his reputation as a scholar and a journalist gave added weight to his words. He took occasion to charge the Times with "deepest infamy" for its course in falsely accusing Mr. Redmond of justifying the murder of Secretary Burke, and refusing to print his denial. An appeal from Mr. Morley brought Mr. Chamberlain to his feet. He is a suave speaker, evidently an able man, trying to steer a middle course in the ship of Liberal-Unionism. His fellow-captain, Lord Hartington, sat by his side, but did not speak-a largefeatured man, tall, somewhat cold and austere in expression. The strongest speaker on that day was Sir W. Harcourt. He is a very tall and

heavily-built man, with full face, large features and a fringe of beard. In spite of his heavy figure he was very light on his feet, turning rapidly from side to side, and gesticulating with vigor. He displayed very great power of sarcasm and invective, and showed himself an adept in turning to account every point in the debate. He attacked Mr. Goschen with especial relish. "I wish," he said to that gentleman, "we could get you on your legs oftener. The Chief Secretary, who sits beside you, is a far cleverer man. He wears a better mask. If you want to see true unfairness, true hypocrisy," he added, turning to his opposition friends, "commend me to the frank innocence of the Chancellor of the Exchequar." It is said that Sir W. Harcourt is unpopular. I can well believe it. A gentleman in the gailery by my side told this story to his friend: Six London gentlemen agreed to dine together, each man to bring as his guest the best hated man in London. When they met there was but one

guest, Sir W. Harcourt!

Mr. Gladstone has a taller and more vigorous figure than I had supposed. He joined in the debate at once upon entering the hall, and spoke seven times before the adjournment. He spoke with perfect ease and remarkable vigor, using greater force in his gestures than anyone else on either side. He pounded the desk and book before him most lustily to emphasize his points. and gave no token of age except ripe experience in debate. He charged the government with intentionally omitting an essential part of the title of the bill when first introduced in order to gain the assent of the opposition. Mr. Goschen replied that the First Lord intended to give the title in full, and if he did not do so it was simply "a slip." Mr. Gladstone replied that at the time there were six or seven Cabinet Ministers sitting by the First Lord, who failed to correct him, and that Mr. Goschen now asked the opposition to believe not only that the First Lord made a slip in a most important announcement, but also "that six Cabinet Ministers, simultaneously and instinctively participated in his slip." This reply brought down the house. Perhaps the most impressive incident of the

day was Mr. Gosehen's appeal to Mr. Gladstone to believe the word of the First Lord when he said that the omission, if made, was but a "slip." Leaning over the narrow table which alone separated them, speaking slowly and earnestly, and shaking his outstrotched finger almost in Mr. Gladstone's face, be reminded the latter of their long service together in that House; and appealed to him not to violate the traditions of the House nor to do his friend the grievous wrong to decline to accept his word. Mr. Gladstone replied somewhat inconclusively that he never declined to accept a member's statement when it was in itself coherent and intelligible; in this case it was not. Sir W. Harcourt replied with crushing force to Mr. Goschen by flercely reminding him that this whole question of the proposed commission arose because the government declined to accept the statements of Mr. Parnell and his friends, who had, in such a matter, the same privileges as the Cabinet themselves. A half-past 5 the House adjourned. the government giving notice that they would move to close the debate the following night at loclock. It was expected that the closing hours of the debate would be exciting, and we were glad to be invited to witness them. Accordingly we entered the House at a quarter past 10, and remained until adjournment at 3 o'clock A. M. The debate, however, was tame, and devoid of interest, except that Mr. Parnell closed it. He spoke with deliberation, but without fire. A member told us afterwards that Mr. Parnell and the other Irish members made every effort to disarm English prejudice by restraining any impulse to a rhetorical effect. The Irish members left the House, and the government, of course, carried the motion, and passed the remaining clauses of the bill. I should have spoken particularly of Mr.

Bradlaugh's speech on Wednesday afternoon. It was a powerful effort-clear, strong, and not too long, worthy in every way of his reputation as an orator. When I rejoined X. after the adjourn-

ment she reported that she derived almost as much entertainment from a young Irish girl who sat beside her as from the debate. The girl's face and manner responded to every phase of the discussion, and her smothered ejaculations and ill-concealed gestures of delight and scorn as one side or the other scored a point showed the depth of her Irish sympathy. "Oh, how dare you! how dare you!" she exclaimed as Mr. Goschen, interrupted by the derisive shouts of the Irish members, half turned toward them and said, with a fierce contempt: "Oh, I care nothing for the honorable members below the gangway.

I have only began upon my subject, but this letter is already far too long, and I must close. I cannot describe even briefly our visit to the House of Lords, where we saw and heard Salisbury, Ganville, Rosebery and many others. Ladies there are not put high up out of sight, behind a grating, as in the Commons, but are freely admitted with gentlemen to the lobby. Indeed, the galleries above are specially reserved for peeresses, who, in olden time, sat in the House by right. We saw two of these august dames, one in each gallery, and very lonesome they looked in their isolation.

To comfort your Indianapolis readers, I will add that thus far during August we have worn our winter wraps, and felt cold in spite of them. T. L. SEWALL.

UP PIKE'S PEAK BY WAGON. The First Trip Up the Highest Roadway in

the World. Colorado Springs Special to Denver Republican. At 9:50 A. M. to-day the first wagon which has ever been on the top of Pike's Peak arrived at the summit over the toll-road from Cascade, which is now about completed. The vehicle contained Mr. R. F. Weilbrec, a member of the firm of Carlisle, Price & McGavock, which built the road; Mr. C. F. Schneider, one of the government signal officers on the peak, who met the wagon about a mile from the top, and H. H. Seldomridge, of the Colorado Springs Gazette, who wished to be the first newspaper man to reach the summit by this means.

The Giant of the Rockies seemed to be deeply impressed with the event which was transpiring, for he proudly raised his snow-capped head above the dark masses of clouds which surrounded his base into the blue sky, thus giving the occupants of the vehicle a view embracing mountain, plain and cloud, the effect of which they will long remember.

The completion of this road is another tribute to Western grit and enterprise, backed by sufficient capital to carry out the designs of its projectors to the letter. Colorado can now boast of baving the highest carriage road in the world, which for beauty and grandeur of scenery along its route and the thoroughness of its construction cannot be surpassed.

The first survey of the road was made by County Surveyor H. I. Reed over a year ago, at the instance of the Cascade Town and Improvement Company. 'The road has an average width of fourteen feet, and the grade in no place ex-ceeds 10 per cent. The road-bed from the point of beginning to the top is composed of fine gravel, which is not easily washed by rains, and furnishes a splendid driveway.

The road proper begins at the town of Caseade on the Midland railway, five miles above Manitou. It gradually ascends the north side of Cascade canyon, and as it turns toward the west 150 feet above the town, one of the finest views along the entire route is obtained. Directly below is the town of Cascade, with its pretty and cozy cottages, well-graded streets, large hotel and fountains. To the east is a broad expanse of prairie, with the city of Colorado Springs standing out in bold relief, while stretching far away to the southeast can be seen the course of the Fountain Qui Bouille, which is marked by a deep line of green. The road follows the course of Cascade creek for some distance and finally emerges on a broad ridge, along the top of which it reaches timber-line. The drive upon this high ridge or plateau gives one an extended view of Manitou Park, Hayden divide and the mountains forming the eastern and northern boundaries of the South Park.

But it is after timber-line is passed that the scenery proper really begins. As one turn after another is made new views come into the range of vision, each of which possesses some distinctive and attractive features. At Grand View Point one sees the finest view between the summit and the base of the mountain. On one side is a deep precipice, which forms a natural barrier to the lovely little park, and far towards the north can be seen the city of Denver, distinguished by the smoke from the smelters and mills, while almost at one's feet is Colorado Springs. To the east are plains dotted by shadows of passing clouds, while to the west the eye takes in a view of mountain peaks, valleys and parks of endless number and extent. The view reaches from Gray's and Long's peaks on the north to Sierra Blanca on the south, with the mighty Snowy Range for a western back-

From Grand View point the driveway enters upon a dizzy zigzag ascent of the peak. As it gradually follows the mountain side the observer perceives a beautiful spectacle almost beneath him. It consists of a number of little parks, all carpeted in green and containing a series of small lakes, which form the head waters of Beaver and Four-mile creeks. Directly ahead he can see Seven lakes and the pretty park in which they are located, while the same grand view of mountain and park is ever widen-

ing and extending. The entire trip from Cascade to the summit will consume about six hours, while the trip from the summit to the Cascade can be made in three hours.

Shoe and Leather Reporter.
Probably there is nothing in the world that a man resents so quickly and so deeply as to find you awfully busy when he is perfectly at leis-

You Have Doubtless Noticed It.

Written for the Sunday Journal.

September. About our homesteads, wenther-browned The cool September hills sweep round With orchards fruited to the ground; Great golden pears swing to and fro And changing apples catch the glow Of sunset's crimson overflow,

The vines their brown arms interlace Like some Bacchante in warm embrace. With scarlet shame upon her face. And faint airs heavy with the smell Of grapes in purple cluster tell Of nature's sweetest miracle.

among the leaves the peaches hide, Their pink cheeks like a happy bride Whose blushes wait unsatisfied: The very flowers our gardens hold Are like the flowers we know of old, Chrysanthemum and marigold. In southward circles, through the dim,

Half lazy air, the swallows swim, And strange and thoughts will follow them Of days when boyhood lavished time On castles, in that sunny clime Whose very ruins were sublime. Like wounded birds shot out of flocks Or ripe fruit dashed upon the rocks Before the autumnal equinox. The dreams of youth that promised deads
Lie bruised and blackened in the weeds
Of late September's frosted meads.

The Master and the Reapers. The master called to his reapers: Make scythe and sickle keen, And bring me the grain from the uplands, And the grass from the meadows green; And from off of the mist-clad marshes, Where the salt waves fret and foam, Ye shall gather the rustling sedges To furnish the harvest-home."

Then the laborer cried: "O master, We will bring thee the yellow grain That waves on the windy hill-side And the teuder grass from the plain; But that which springs on the marshes Is dry and harsh and thin, Unlike the sweet field grasses, So we will not gather it in."

But the master said: "O foolish! For many a weary day, Through storm and drought, ye have labored For the grain and the fragrant hay. The generous earth is fruitful, And breezes of summer blow Where these, in the sur, and the dews of heaven, Have ripened soft and slow.

"But out on the wide bleak marsh-land Hath never a plough been set, And with rapine and rage of hungry waves The shivering soil is wet. There flower the pale green sedges, And the tides that ebb and flow. And the biting breath of the sea-wind,

Are the only care they know. They have drunken of bitter waters, Their food hath been sharp sea-sand, And yet they have yielded a harvest Unto the Master's hand. So shall ye all, O reapers,

Honor them now the more And garner in gladness, with songs of praise, The grass from the desolate shore." -Zoe Dana Underhill, in September Harper.

One of the Good Old Songs. MY OLD KENTUCKY HOME. The sun shines bright in my old Kentucky home. "Tis the summer, the darkies are gay; The corn top's ripe, and the meadow's in the bloom, While the birds make music all the day.

For my old Kentucky home far away.

The young folks roll on the little cabin floor, All merry, all harpy, all bright; By'm by hard times come a knockin' at the door, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night. Chorus-Weep no more, my lady; O weep no more We'll sing one song for my old Ken-

They hunt no more for the 'possum and the 'coon, On the meadow, the hill, and the shore; They sing no more by the glimmer of the moon. On the beach by the old cabin door; The day goes by, like a shadow o'er the heart; With sorrow where all was delight: The time has come when the darkies have to part,

tucky home,

Then, my old Kentucky home, good night! Weep no more, my lady, etc. The head must bow, and the back will have to bend, Wherever the darkey may go: A few more days and the trouble will all end, In the field where the sugar-canes grow; A few more days to tote the weary load,

No matter, it will never be light; A few more days till we totter on the road, Then, my old Kentucky home, good night. Weep no more, my lady, etc. Silver and Gold. Farewell my little sweetheart,

Now fare you well and free; I claim from you no promise, You claim no vows from me. The reason why?-the reason Right well we can uphold-I have too much of silver, And you've too much of gold! A puzzle, this, to worldlings,

Whose love to lucre flies, Who think that gold to silver Should count as mutual prize! But I'm not avaricious, And you're not sordid-souled; I have too much of silver. And you've to much of gold. Upon our heads the reason Too plainly can be seen:

I am the Winter's bond-slave,

You are the Summer's queen;

Too few the years you number, Too many I have told: I have too much of silver. And you've too much of gold. You have the rose for token, I have dry leaf and rime; I have the sobbing vesper, You, morning bells at chime. I would that I were younger,

(And you grew never old) -Would I had less of silver, But you no less of gold! -Edith M. Thomas, in September Scribner. Me Dulcis Saturet Quies.

Let me be quiet; let me lie Stretched at my ease. While lazily the clouds go by Above the trees; Where apple-blossom flutter down At eve and morn, In orchard slope anear a town Long left forlorn; Or idly watch, within a moat, The sleeping lily-buds affoat, Or, grazing past the reeds, drift slow A crumbling castle-wall below.

Let me be quiet; let me lie Stretched at my ease, While lazily the clouds go by Along the seas; And gleam and shadow In gloom and light, And like a dream the sea-bird dips From moan till night; And ripples swirl along the land, And perish in the amber sand; While o'er their unwrit doom the breeze Chants dirges in the sea-marshes. -Thomas Ashe.

Love. How do I love thee? Let me count the ways I love thee to the depth, and breadth, and beight My soul can reach, when feeling out of sight For the ends of Being and ideal Grace. I love thee to the level of every day's Most quiet need, by sun and candle-light I love thee freely, as men strive for right; love thee purely, as they turn from praise; love with the passion put to use In my old griefs, and with my childhood's faith.

I love thee with a love I seemed to lose With my lost saints -I love thee with the breath Smiles, tears, of all my life and, if Good choose, I shall love thee better after death.

-Mrs Browning. Enfranchised from the Bonnet.

Jenny June's Strasburg Letter. I never was so impressed before with the in-

dependence of the woman who does not wear a bonnet. A woman without a bonnet, who does not want a bonnet, is as good as a man She drives a cart, she sells her vegetables, she knits her stockings, she walks the streets quite unconscious of the bonnet's absence, and looking more modest, and gentle, and womanly than the "lady" with the mountain of feathers, tuile and ribbons, silk, velvet or straw, towering above her head, and so nondescript in shape that it has no relation to anything in the heavens above or the earth beneath or to the waters under the earth. It is an infinite pity that the bonnet has become so important and so erratic, for women who try to live up to their bonnets can do little else, and the result can never be satisfactory. I sympathize now heartily with the regret expressed by an intelligent resident of the Sandwich Islands at the introduction of the bonnet among the Hawaiian women. He said it was the worst thing that could happen to them, and I really think it is.

German women of the lower working-class look with suspicion upon one who puts on a bonnet. A German servant-girl said to our fraulein that Frau Bode's maid could not be a good girl because she went to market with her mistress in her bonnet; and these girls are as proud of the color or satin-smoothness of their brown hair as other girls of the height of the crown or the multiplicity of the ornaments of

their head-gear. I must say I feel a pang of envy of the German haus-frau, of the stores of linen, of the possibilities in the way of lovely handwork, of her carved coffer, her sideboard and various belongings in wrought iron and metal work. I felt that I should like to live one lifetime in Germany-eat their bread and delicious fruit compotes, drink their coffee and go to a German

heaven when I die. I now felt as never before why Europe has so many fascinations for our superior American girls.

HUMOR OF THE DAY.

Had Enough to Last,

The Epoch. Woman (to tired tramp, who is resting at the gate)-If you'll come round to the back door I'll give ye a piece o' pie. Tired Tramp-Thanks, ma'am, not any; you gave me a piece of pie when I passed through this section last summer.

Might Overtax His Brain.

New York Sun. Mr. Isaacstein (to school teacher)-How vas dot leedle Jacob getting on mit arithmetic? School Teacher-He is doing nicely, Mr. Isaacstein; he is in percentage now.

Mr. Isaacstein—Vas dot sof Vell, don'd you teach dot poy noddings less than von hundert

per cent. He vas too young yet to study very Before the Rains.

Dogs throw up the earth with their paws; Horses rub themselves, shake their heads, and sniff the air:

Birds anoint themselves: Geese squawk: Swallows and larks fly upward; Ants work harder than usual.

Bees will not leave their hives;

All domestic cattle are restless;

A Natural Mistake.

Harpers' Bazat. "Aunty," said a little New Jersey boy, who was on a visit, "I thought you said you didn't have any mosquitoes in this part of the coun-

try."
"We don't dear." "But I can remember them singing just as they do at home." "No; Tommy; that is a saw-mill you hear."

Getting Even.

London Punch. Tradesman (to old gentleman who has purchased lawn-mower)-Yes, sir, I'll oil it, and send it over imm-

Customer (imperatively)-No, no, no! it must n't be oiled! I won't have it oiled! Mind that! I want noise! And, look here-pick me out a nice rusty one. My neighbor's children hoot and yell till 10 o'clock every night, so-[viciously] I mean to cut my grass from 4 till 6 every morning!

Worthy of His Hire.

New York Sun "You seem to have quite a sum in your bank. Bobby," remarked the visitor. "Yes," said Bobby, "ma gives me ten cents a week for coming to the table with clean hands and face."

"Ten cents is a good deal of money for a little boy to earn every week." "Yes, ma'am, but I have to do a large amount of work for it."

A Square Proposition. New York World.

Little Johnny one day surprised his father "Pa, I love grandma, and I-want to marry

"You silly boy, that would be impossible." "Because-because she is my mother." "Well, pa, didn't you marry my mother?" Pa collapses.

She Nabbed Him. Troy Times.

Alfonse de Beriat-You say you are superstitious, Miss Gushington, but would you dare to be married on Friday? Miss Gushington-What! Next Friday? Why. dear Alfonse, you are so sudden and so uncon-

"You quite misunderstand me. I protest-I didn't propose-"That's all right, Alfonse, you didn't propose as they usually do, but I like it just the same. Yes, dear, it shall be Friday." Alfonse swooned.

Too Ignorant. Boston Transcript. The temperance speaker had been speaking quite eloquently for some time, and he suddenly pulled up to say-

you that I do not even know what liquor tastes "Come, Jim," said a dirty-faced man in the back row to his companion; "come, let's git out er this. When a feller 'll get up and acknowledge sich ignorance as that without a blush, it is time for all men of 'telligence to hide their

"I am free to say that I am proud when I tell

heads in shame." He Misunderstood Her.

The Cartoon. Arthur-Bromley, deah boy, do I sing well? Bromley-Almost a professional, Arthur. Arthur-Thanks, awfully. Now, what did Miss Lawson mean when she said last night, "Won't you sing 'When the Wobins Nest Again?" That's a yeah hence, deah boy. Bromley-Why, Arthur, there's a song called "When the Robins Nest Again." Arthur-A song about the wobins? Thanks,

deah boy. I told her she was wewy unkind to silence my voice for a yeah. To Be Revised.

Detroit Free Press. "Give me the inclosed street-car every time in in preference to these open ones," he was saying to his friend as they rode up Woodward avenue the other day.

"For what reason?" "Well, in an inclosed car you have a chance to stare at a good-looking woman. Here it is impossible.

"Yes, but the husband of that good-looking woman has a chance to kick you as you drop off the platform of an inclosed car, while here he has not." "That's so. That puts a new face on the mat-

ter, and I will revise my decision."

Flocking to See Him.

New York Tribune. The hen-and-a-half and egg-and-a-half problem had just reached the Democratic national campaign committee headquarters, and the chairman was plunged deeply in it. Suddenly he turned to the private secretary, who was giving the 13-14-15 puzzle a rub, and said: "Say, I see Harrison had some four thousand visitors yesterday."

"I noticed it," said the secretary, as he made "Well, Cleveland must be having visitors, too. Why can't we find out about them and get up a good dispatch for our press bureau?" "I anticipate you," answered the clerk, looking up. "I just got a letter from Lamont telling all about it. Yesterday was a hig day for

visitors to Cleveland, too." "Ha! that's good," said the chairman. "Regular rush of voters to pay their respects, eh!" "I should say so. There were twenty-two men who wanted postoffices and eighteen men looking for other places; one man who announced he was the King of North America; two from Tennessee bringing hind feet of graveyard rabbits killed in the dark of the moon; one man who announced that he was George Washington returned to earth; an old lady with a recipe for rheumatism liniment; one mugwump from Boston, a family from Jacksonville, Fla. who had come away to escape yellow fever, and having nothing else to do, thought they would just drop in and shake hands; a Salvation Army captain; two men from Missouri, each with a buil pup for the President; a Democratic. Congressman, who wanted to borrow \$5; two men and one woman with poems to read, and a delegation of manufacturers who wished to say that if his free-trade views were carried out it would close their factories and throw their

workmen out of employment." "Great Scott!" said the chairman; "that was a good day. Write it up for the Democratic papers. I tell you Harrison isn't getting all the callers, by a long shot."

Considerable of a Snake Story. Philadelphia Times.

Mrs. Fenton, of North Bergen, N. J., is said to be the possessor of a white cat which wears a slender black snake about two feet long about its neck constantly. About a month ago the cat went bounding into the breakfast room, hi sing and spitting in a paroxysm of terror. Her alarm was quickly shared by the Fenton family when they ascertained that she was half strangled by a snake that had coiled itself around her neck. She seemed unable to help herself either with teeth or claws, and her friends undertook to assist her with sticks and umbrellas. They chased her around the room, whaking away vigorously at her, missing the snake but hitting the cat every time, until pussy, not approving of this mode of deliverance, sprang wildly out of the window and ran away. For three days Mrs. Fenton mourned for her cat as for one dead. Then her pet returned, still wearing the reptile necklace. She was tranquil now, however, and seemed to like the situation, resisting every effort to remove the serpent. A saucer of milk was placed before her, and as she lapped it up the snake uncoiled part of its body, lowered its head into the saucer, and the two drank amicably together. This singular friendship bas since continued. When the snake occasionally uncoils to stretch itself the cat

grows very uneasy. They feed together, and when the snake eats too fast the cat pushes its head to one side. The snake signifies its disasproval of unseemly voracity on the part of the cat in the same manner.